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IN MEMORIAM.

JENNINGS WISE GARNETT.

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MEMORIAL

OF

JENNINGS WISE GARNETT.

Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.

—*Horace.*

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Dead at the age of twenty-one! Dead at that age when young manhood has attained its legal recognition, when filled with the hopes and aspirations of youth and the conscious dignity of manhood, it stands upon the threshold of real active life, and looks with eager gaze upon a new world.

The mystery of life is insoluble and inexplicable, and the life which existed through only twenty-one years may be as perfect and complete, fulfilling its hidden purposes, as one which has lasted to the full three score and ten.

> "What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon?
> Young yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope unsure—
> Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall dure:
> Oh! happie race with so great praises run."

JENNINGS WISE GARNETT.

We would say a few words to those for whom these "In Memoriam" pages are intended.

This unpretending sketch of JENNINGS WISE GARNETT is written with tender love and sacred care by one who knew and loved him from his earliest life until the hour when God called him to "the manhood that shall endure," and where, when contemplating the lovely character and noble mind we knew on earth, we "find him" even "worthier to be loved."

The spontaneous tributes and testimonials of devoted affection, sincere esteem, and unbounded admiration which emanated from the kind sympathy of appreciative hearts and minds, were collected by the same loving hands, and a record of the two is here made as a just memorial of a young life so

gifted by God, that it would have seemed a want of reverence and gratitude to the Giver of all good had we failed to transmit some perpetuation of the memory of one of His noblest works. We say "to transmit," because this memorial is written for the gratification and benefit, not only of friends and loved ones—fain to have a more intimate acquaintance with the noble youth, taken so early to the "better manhood of Paradise" by "the brave leap of death," taken before his generation could do full homage to his remarkable powers and realize the charm of his harmonious nature—but also for the future generations of our family circle and friends, that they, too, may admire this peerless youth, this young and gentle life endowed—

> "With gifts of grace, that might express
> All comprehensive tenderness—
> All subtilizing intellect."

We send forth this poor, yet loving tribute to one of the most perfect natures humanity could manifest in no spirit of fond pride and partial admiration, but as an act of justice to his memory; for, though he was so deservedly beloved and honored by all who knew him, he was so unassuming, so devoid of all petty vanity and vain emulation, so

free from all personal rivalship, so utterly averse to display and ostentation, so delicately reserved, of such manly modesty that only a favored few fully appreciated how comprehensive and harmonious were the rich endowments of his soul, the genius of his intellect, the gentle greatness of his moral nature.

The more we contemplate the traits that marked the individuality of this young life, the more we feel that we cannot fully comprehend the divine within his nature, which attuned his spirit to a pitch above the appreciation of a lower humanity. We are sure that within his intellectual powers were possibilities of development that we cannot apprehend, spiritual depths we cannot fathom, and soul heights where we could not soar. Therefore God took him to the sphere where he belonged.

A heart of tender sympathy wrote thus about him: "Had Jennings lived a thousand years we could have found no greater satisfaction in his life, and have asked nothing more for his death, than we had." As far as he is concerned this is true; and we thank God, with inexpressible gratitude, for the gift of such a life, and the brave submission and fearless courage of such a death—no, not death—for such a glorious transition of a dauntless, trust-

ing young soul from suffering and "the body of sin" to eternal youth and everlasting perfection.

For him we say, "The work of years was done in days."

"He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong, and al in vain do mone;
Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the world with cries;
Deth slue not him, but he made deth his ladder to the skies."

THE subject of this memoir, Jennings Wise Garnett, third son of Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett and Mary Wise Garnett, was born in Washington, D. C., March 1st, 1859. On his father's side his lineage can be traced back to a line of ancestry distinguished through several generations for their talents, their high social position, and, indeed, for the possession of all of those attributes and characteristics which belonged to the educated Virginia gentleman; many of them, during the period of half a century, having filled official positions, both in military and civil life, of distinction and honor. On his mother's side the same may be said. The daughter of Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, the immediate descendant of General Cropper, a gallant and influential officer of the Revolution, and the intimate personal friend of General Washington. On her mother's side, the granddaughter of the learned and eloquent divine, Dr. Obadiah Jennings, of Pennsylvania—a family no less distinguished for their remarkable personal beauty than for a high order of intelligence.

He was christened by his uncle, the Rev. Henry A. Wise, in Trinity Church, Washington, D. C., and

named after his maternal uncle, O. Jennings Wise, at that time editor of "The Richmond Enquirer." His father, at the time of the birth of Jennings, was a prominent popular physician in Washington, having established himself in that city in the year 1848.

At the breaking out of the late civil war he removed at once with his family to his native State, Virginia, and offered his services to the newly-formed Confederacy, and received the appointment of a surgeon in the Confederate army, which position he filled during the war, being stationed in Richmond in charge of several hospitals, and also a member of the examining board of surgeons on duty in that city. Jennings was sent with the other members of his father's family to the plantation of his maternal grandfather, Henry A. Wise, situated on the eastern branch of the Elizabeth River, about eight miles from the city of Norfolk. He was at that time a little over two years of age, and baby as he was, his brightness and beauty caused him to be the household pet. His young life was cast in troublous times, for his grandfather, despite his age, accepting the commission of brigadier general in the Confederate army, went forth to encounter the dangers and vicissitudes of war, taking with him,

like a highland chieftain, all who bore his name, in whose veins ran his blood, and who were of sufficient age to bear the sword. Amid such scenes of warlike preparation were his earliest impressions formed.

At this home Jennings remained until the latter part of the spring of 1862, and here he saw for the last time his Uncle O. Jennings Wise, when he stopped a few days while on his way with his father's command to the slaughter pen of Roanoke Island. During this short stay he made a great pet of his little namesake, and the first piece of memorizing ever done by Jennings was to learn to repeat, in his broken child language, several verses of a popular war song known by the name of "The Bonny Blue Flag," which was taught him by his uncle.

The fall of Roanoke Island necessitated the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederate forces, and to avoid being in the lines of the enemy, the family removed in June, 1862, to Rocky Mount, Franklin county, Virginia. Here among the mountains Jennings passed the summer and fall, when with the rest of the children, he was taken to Richmond by his mother, in which city he remained until the close of the war. During this period the baby had

developed into the little boy, noted for his great personal beauty, of a fair complexion, with fine and delicately cut Grecian features, large grayish blue eyes, a classic head of faultless shape, adorned by a profusion of flaxen curls, and with the neck and throat of a girl. His companions and playmates at this time were oftener his little girl cousins than the boys, and while playing with them his gentleness and sweetness would have marked him as himself a girl, with the boys on the contrary he held his own firmly, and was inclined at times to be obstinate and overbearing if strongly opposed, but yielded quickly and readily to mild and gentle persuasion, he was retiring and rather shy with strangers, modest and unaffected. After the close of the war his father in the fall of 1865, returned with his family to Washington. At the age of five years he had commenced his studies under the tuition of his mother who continued to instruct him until he reached his eighth year, when he entered school, and was placed under the care of Mr. Charles B. Young, the principal of the Emerson Institute. This private institute has for more than a quarter of a century held the leading position in Washington for the thorough and well grounded preparation which its pupils here undergo prepara-

tory to entering the highest colleges in the country. Almost immediately upon being admitted to this school it was discovered that the quick bright mind and powers of rapid acquisition possessed by Jennings Garnett required him to be placed in classes composed of boys many years his senior, and even here he was always at the head of his classes.

At this institute sons of many of the most distinguished and talented men of the country, have received, in part, their anti-collegiate instruction; sons of United States Senators, of judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, of cabinet ministers, and many others who were entitled by inheritance at least, to possess a high order of intellect. The writer of this has often heard the principal, Mr. Young, say, that with an experience of nearly thirty years, the brightest mind that he had ever met with was that of Jennings Garnett, he eclipsed them all. That whilst he had often found boys who exhibited an especial aptitude for one or two particular studies, excelling their comrades in those, and manifesting extraordinary mental gifts, the mind of this remarkable youth was so comprehensive in its scope, so vigorous in action, that he seemed to grasp and absorb with equal readiness and facility all branches of study; ancient and

modern languages, mathematics, philosophy, the sciences, all met with a rapid solution alike when passed through the alembic of his mind; that to him, in his capacity as a teacher, it was a grand and gratifying spectacle to behold this tender boy of supernal beauty, his flaxen curls falling around an eminently classic head, his magnificent eye brightened by the glow of intellectual fires burning within, standing before the blackboard, chalk in hand, demonstrating with a graceful ease, rapidity, and accuracy, as remarkable as beautiful, some difficult mathematical problem.

He at once took his stand among the best students in this school, and rapidly advanced to the position of first scholar, which he maintained until he left the institution. He remained at this school until he was fifteen years of age, having the year previous, at the age of fourteen, completed the course of study and graduated with the highest honors, receiving medals therefor. To him we may here say, that such testimonials possessed but little value. From his earliest youth he seemed to entertain a feeling of contempt for the practice of rewarding scholars with prizes for proficiency in study, arguing that such customs engendered a spirit of petty rivalry and ignoble emulation among pupils

that militated with the true and proper motive for study, which he said should be the love of knowledge. That, for his part, it always afforded him pleasure to witness the progress and successes of his school companions in their studies, and that he never failed to feel unhappy at any achievement of his which could be regarded in the light of a triumph over those with whom he was associated.

Too young to enter college, it was determined to continue him another year at school, and so he again returned to the Emerson Institute for a special course. During this session, although not fifteen years of age, he acted as much as an assistant teacher as a scholar, and though frequently placed in charge of those near his own age, a position of extreme delicacy, he conducted himself with such dignity, firmness and impartiality, that his schoolmates very soon learned to understand that playmate Jennings and teacher Jennings were two distinct and separate persons; and that the boy on the play ground was the man in the class room, performing this delicate and difficult duty in such a commendable and acceptable manner as to secure for him the commendation and friendship of all of his associates.

His studies during this year were beyond those usually followed at this school, and he alone pursued

them, reciting to his teacher generally after the school hours. The confinement of this winter, when he was compelled to remain in the school room sometimes until after five in the evening, in order that his teacher could have an opportunity to hear his recitation after school had been dismissed, doubtless taxed his strength and constitution more than he or his family ever at that time suspected, and may have exercised some remote agency in the subsequent development of that disease which proved so fatal to him.

Notwithstanding, to all appearances, his physical powers seemed to keep pace with his mental development, and he was strong and active beyond most boys of his age, excelling in athletic sports—so agile was he, that he could at the gymnasium accomplish the difficult feat of running and throwing a somersault in the air and light upon his feet.

Quick and reserved in manner, but firm and unyielding even to obstinacy, seeing through a subject quickly, and therefore strongly fixed in his opinions, he maintained them with earnestness and determination. Controversial and fond of argument, he nevertheless had nothing of the bully in his disposition, nor would he for a moment tolerate it in others resisting with an indifference as to what

might be the odds against him the least aggressive infringement upon any of his rights. His reputation in this respect, combined with his known strength and activity, caused his boyish companions to beware of fastening quarrels upon him.

At the close of this session of his school, notwithstanding his great aversion to appear in public, he was prevailed upon to deliver the valedictory; although but fifteen, his great fund of information, fine person and unusual beauty of face enabled him to appear to advantage whenever he spoke. His teacher would sometimes purposely, in the debating exercises of the school, place him upon the weaker side of the question and oppose him with the abler debaters among the boys. He has frequently described how he enjoyed seeing Jennings, when his opponents commenced to press him closely, rouse himself like a lion and scatter the arguments of his adversaries, exhibiting on such occasions the fact that he possessed the powers of a great debater. It would be a task of no ordinary difficulty to attempt an analysis of his mind. One of its prominent qualities to which we may here refer was his wonderful power of concentration and abstraction. Many amusing incidents going to illustrate this peculiar quality have been told of him; for example,

when ten years old he was in the habit of making frequent visits to the house of a friend, where there was a fine library, affording him an opportunity of indulging his taste for reading, and escaping from the routine of school studies, embark with an eagerness and zest peculiar to himself upon the domain of general literature. On such occasions he would throw himself upon the floor of the library and soon become so much engrossed with his book that a little girl, with whom he was a great favorite, impelled by childish curiosity, would search his pockets, abstracting therefrom their entire contents, of top, knife, and pencil, without his having been at all conscious of the petty larceny, and, when informed by the lady of the house that it was time for him to return home, he would walk off in profound ignorance of his having been robbed, leaving, indeed, the contents of his pockets behind, but carrying with him an accurate knowledge of the subject-matter of the volume that had so absorbed his attention. It was upon one of these occasions that a lady visitor from Boston, seeing him thus engaged, exclaimed "Boy, where are your wings?" declaring that he was the most angelic mortal in appearance she had ever seen.

The fall following his last session at school he

entered William and Mary College. His career here, like that at school, was marked by one continued series of successes, being, indeed, as well prepared when he entered the institution as most men are when they leave it, he stepped at once into the first rank among his fellow students.

The venerable old college of William and Mary can count, with pride, many illustrious names among its Alumni, but none ever ranked higher in scholastic attainments at the time of graduating than Jennings Wise Garnett. Situated in the old town of Williamsburg, Virginia, filled with the memories of the past and with little of the spirit of to-day, the quiet of its surroundings, together with the influence of its traditions, peculiarly fit it for the residence of a student. Here, under the roof of his aunt, in company with his brother and cousins, Jennings passed what he always referred to as three happy years. The climate was mild, and his health vigorous and robust, and although he would not pay that attention to exercise which he owed to his physical welfare, devoting himself to his books during those hours usually spent by other students in the open air, his health did not at that time apparently suffer therefrom.

During these three years he changed rapidly from

a boy of fifteen to a young man of eighteen, becoming tall and slender, possessing large bones and other evidences in his physical construction, that he was intended by nature to become at maturity a large and muscular man. A sketch of his career whilst at this college has been kindly furnished by president, Colonel Benjamin Ewell, whose intimate association with Jennings, eminently fitted him for that task, and which sketch is here inserted:

Sketch of the late Jennings Wise Garnett while attending the College of William and Mary.

On the 14th of October, 1874, Jennings Wise Garnett, son of Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, of Washington city, and grandson of General Henry A. Wise, entered the college of William and Mary. He was then but fifteen years of age. His appearance was striking and prepossessing, and indicated an age more advanced by several years. The expression of his countenance, calm and reflective as it was, resembled somewhat that of the Honorable Robert Boyle, the well known Christian philosopher, as represented in an original portrait presented to the college one hundred and fifty years ago by his nephew, the Earl of Burlington.

Three other grandsons of General Wise matricu-

lated at the same time. It may not be inappropriate here to state how great an interest General Wise felt in the institution, and this can briefly be done by quoting from a report of the Faculty, made after his death, to the Board of Visitors and Governors of the College:

"The college has received a severe blow in the loss of General Henry A. Wise. From his election as visitor and governor in 1848, when the fortunes of the college were thought to be desperate by some of its best friends, to the day of his death, he was ever its active and zealous guardian; exerting his wide spread influence in its behalf; sending his sons, his grandsons, his nephews, and, indeed, every young man he could control to be educated within its walls; and giving, willingly and promptly, his powerful support to any measure tending to its improvement and efficiency.

"The recovery of the college from its prostration in 1848, its rebuilding in 1859, and its restoration in 1865, were each and all due, in a large measure, to his work. The need of such a supporter and friend is, in the present crisis, sadly felt.

"Though his fame belongs to his State and his country, yet this faculty seeks thus to record its ap-

preciation of his eminent services, its sense of personal and official loss, and its respect for the memory of so valued and distinguished a friend."

This presents but a meagre outline of what General Wise did for the college during an official connection of nearly thirty years.

When Jennings Garnett matriculated much was expected of him by the faculty, because of his reported intelligence, and of his training at the justly celebrated school of Mr. Young, of Washington city. In every respect he far exceeded the most sanguine expectations. When the classes were formed he joined the senior, or intermediate, in every department save that of chemistry. To say that he excelled in each study is but simple truth. In two years time, when he was but seventeen, he was master of the entire college course. This entitled him to the degree of master of arts. With characteristic modesty he preferred that of bachelor of arts, taken July 4th, 1876, by his fellow graduates. While studying, it was not his habit to confine himself to text books. One effect of this was to require, in mathematics at least, careful preparation by his instructor. In the lecture room he was, invariably, modest and pleasant, but by no means

ready to receive as conclusive an "*ipse dixit*" on a point admitting demonstration, from a professor or any one else.

To citizens, faculty, and students his deportment was manly and attractive. While here he was universally admired, and, so far as his retiring manner allowed him to be well known, beloved.

While he made no pretences to religion he was at heart religious. I had frequent conversations with him on various subjects, this included. I never heard him utter one word implying ignorance of religious obligation or want of veneration for holy things.

When he graduated he was entirely competent to fill any professorship in the college.

He remained one year after he graduated, filling satisfactorily and ably, by invitation of the faculty, the chair of belles letters and metaphysics. In this department were one or two young men of unusual intelligence and ability who had been his college mates. I apprehended some objections on their part to receiving instruction in so important a subject from one so young and so inexperienced as Garnett was. An interview with them confirmed my apprehensions. I then asked them, as a favor to me, to quietly attend the class for two weeks, when,

if they were not perfectly satisfied, a change should be made. Hearing nothing further, I at length sought the parties and reminded them of my promise. They expressed themselves as well satisfied, but informed me the course was becoming so difficult, they could not do justice to their other studies. Reminding them that this was a fault common to all young professors having proper knowledge of what they taught, the matter was dropped, and if every renewed, certainly not in the form of complaint.

At the close of the session this work was referred to in a report of the Faculty, July 4th, 1877, to the Visitors and Governors in the following terms:

"Mr. Jennings Wise Garnett has exhibited such marked ability and research as an instructor in the department of metaphysics as to entitle him to a formal acknowledgment of his valuable services." This acknowledgment was not made for want of time.

For nearly fifty years I have been officially connected with educational institutions, including the United States Military Academy at West Point, and three colleges in Virginia. With no wish to, unduly, laud or to exaggerate, I state, after much reflection, that I never met the superior, and, but

once, the equal in mental power of Jennings Garnett. This was John W. Holcomb, a brother of the late Professor Holcomb of the University of Virginia, and a graduate with distinguished honor at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, in 1847. This young man, of lovely disposition and character, was, with the exception of Garnett, the most spiritual and intellectual being I ever met. His power of abstraction seemed superhuman. He lived in an ideal world, and had apparently but little in common with the world in which ordinary mortals "live and move and have their being." He died of consumption soon after he left college.

Garnett was equally intellectual, had equal power of abstraction, and had the power to pass, at will, from the abstract to the concrete, from the ideal to the real. From a difficult passage in a Greek tragedy he could turn without an effort to an intricate problem in mathematics, and from either to the sports and pleasures of his comrades. Whatever he had to do, he did with all his might. From such are the Cæsars of this world fashioned.

Garnett would have excelled in any pursuit. Like Julius Cæsar he was not a natural orator. As Cæsar did, he could have made himself one of the

best in his "day and generation." Had he turned his attention to war, or literature, or medicine, or law, or theology, he would have been "*primus inter pares.*"

In no proper sense of the term were the minds of Holcomb or Garnett precocious. There was no unnatural mental development; no premature growth of any faculty. Nature endowed each with a sound and healthy mind of extraordinary compass and vigor, which increased in strength to the end. Had they possessed a physical, proportioned to their mental, organization, their families and friends would not have been called on to mourn their early loss.

Believing the profession of law, in this country, to offer the surest path to reward and to distinction, I, more than once, advised Garnett to adopt it. Apparently he preferred medicine. It is my impression that this preference had its origin in filial love; in a wish to be with and assist his father, whose reputation as an eminent physician and large practitioner is so well known and esteemed.

In many of his mental and moral characteristics Jennings Garnett reminded me of his Uncle O. Jennings Wise, whose life was, unfortunately, sacrificed at Roanoke Island, in 1862. The filial devo-

tion of O. Jennings Wise, in 1860 one of the most prominent and distinguished men of his age in the United States, was a marked and lovable element of his nature. In this Jennings Garnett resembled his uncle.

Such is the impression, imperfectly described, made on me by Jennings Wise Garnett while at college.

For nearly two centuries some of the best among the youth of Virginia have been educated at the College of William and Mary, and the names of an unusually large proportion of these are inscribed in "letters of living light" on the Rolls of Fame, but never, in my judgment, has the threshold of the institution been crossed by a more brave, more true, more pure, more intellectual spirit than that which animated the frame of Jennings Wise Garnett.

> "His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"
>
> B. E.

The summer after the session spent as professor at William and Mary he visited the Virginia mountains, and the following October, entered as a

student the University of Virginia, he brought with him to the University a high reputation as a student and scholar. Although only eighteen years of age, he was in every respect fully prepared for the course of study he was about to pursue, combining in a rare degree a well-trained, disciplined mind, with a phenomenal power of application and acquisition.

In order that those who are unacquainted with the course of study at the University of Virginia, may form some just conception of the high order of scholarship here necessary to obtain the degree of master of arts, it is proper to state that this institution has adopted the highest standard for graduation of any college in this country; it is modelled upon the university plan, as its name indicates, and has no compulsory curriculum of study, the student selecting for himself such studies as he desires to pursue; the attendance of the student upon the lectures of the professors is expected, and in cases of repeated absence he is called upon for an explanation; beyond this nothing is compulsory, the student being supposed to be of an age sufficiently matured to appreciate the importance of study, and behave as a gentleman. Two examinations are held yearly in each school,

an intermediate and a final, attendance upon these is optional, but no degrees are given unless these examinations are passed, and when passed the degrees are conferred without reference to the time the student has been at the institution.

It is a rule with the University of Virginia, from which it has never departed, to bestow no honorary degrees, and hence, the title of A. M. is necessarily the badge of ripe scholarship.

Prior to 1865, the degree of A. M. had been taken by some students within the space of two years, but since that date, the number of schools having been increased, it was considered impossible to accomplish the necessary amount of study to graduate within that limited period; attempts to do it had been made in vain, and both professors and students concurred in the opinion that it could not be done. To this difficult undertaking Jennings addressed himself immediately upon his return to the University in the fall of 1878—the wonderful capacity of his mind had never been called upon to put forth its full strength before—and it was the consciousness on the part of his family of this reserved power which induced them to urge his making the attempt.

The scene of his graduation was one which will

not soon be forgotten by any of those who were present, and witnessed the ceremony.

The annual commencement at the University of Virginia is an event which always attracts to that deservedly popular institution a large number of visitors from different parts of the country, on the occasion referred to there was an unusual brilliant assemblage of students, ladies, and gentlemen crowding the hall; among them, many eager and interested spectators present to witness the crowning success of sons, brothers, and friends.

The supreme moment of Jennings' triumph had arrived, graduating as he had done in so many schools, his name was necessarily called more frequently than that of any other student, and such was the enthusiam felt by all in his magnificent success that upon each occasion the mention of his name drew forth rounds of applause, and when he finally came forward to receive his master's degree, with that quiet grace and modesty of manner which characterized him at all times, the whole audience moved by a common impulse greeted him with continued and vehement plaudits.

Of his character as a student we will here permit two of the most accomplished and impartial

members of the faculty, Professors Thomas R. Price and Charles S. Venable, to speak:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, *Nov.* 22, 1880.

To Dr. A. Y. P. GARNETT, *Washington, D. C.*

MY DEAR SIR: It gives me a sad pleasure to go back in memory to my acquaintance with your noble and gifted son, and to recall for you what I remember of his extraordinary career as a student.

In the talk of the university, where young men gather to us from so many schools and colleges, there is always rumors beforehand of the coming up to us of any young man that has greatly distinguished himself by his abilities and success in study. In this way I had heard much of Mr. Garnett before he came to us, reports of his brilliant achievements at William and Mary, and hopeful prophecies of what he would achieve with us. I had the pleasure of seeing him first, in October, 1877, soon after his matriculation, and of hearing from him that he intended, besides entering several senior classes, to keep up his knowledge of Greek by following my intermediate course. Even in our first talk, in the rapid way in which a professor forms a preliminary judgment of his future student, I was greatly charmed by him. The extreme

beauty of his face, with its clear-cut features, its brown eyes, and its strong intellectuality of expression, the grace and dignity of his movements, the modesty and refinement of his manners, and the directness and candor of his talk, all revealed to me in him a young man of altogether unusual powers and promises. The work of my intermediate class, upon which he at once entered, was done by him with almost faultless regularity and faithfulness. Two absences, as I find by reference to my old register, were entered against him, and his work in Greek composition was from the first distinguished by the utmost accuracy and thoughtfulness. He had, as I soon saw, been carefully trained in Greek by his excellent teacher at William and Mary; but, instead of relying, as too many weak young men rely, upon the excellence of his preparation as an excuse for idleness, he soon showed me that he was hard at work in building up the highest scholarship upon the foundation that he had laid. As usual, I gave by far the larger share of the intermediate year to the study of Homer, and this close study of Homer, as he afterwards told me, first aroused in him, as it always does in bright, keen minds of any imaginative power, the enthusiasm of Greek study, and the sense of the realness and

vitality of Greek thought. He read largely in Homer beyond what was required of the class. He entered with enthusiasm and with remarkable clearness of understanding into the grammatical study of the text, and into the poetic movement of thought and of story. His translations, both oral and written, were soon distinguished above almost all his class-mates by the strong fidelity and picturesque force of his readings; and his conception of Greek syntax gained clearness and force from his study of the luminous Homeric contractions. He won his distinction with ease at the end of his intermediate year, and owed to Homer the success that awaited him in the more difficult studies of the following session.

When he came back to me in the October of 1878 he entered himself as a member of my senior class, and as a candidate for graduation. He threw himself into his Greek studies with all the ardor of the first year, and the prose of Demosthenes seemed to kindle his imagination as much, and to exercise his mind even more, than the poetry of Homer. I soon found, however, that his absences from class were too frequent, and I sent for him to have a frank talk with him. He then told me that he was working to win his master's degree in his second year,

and that the strain upon his time was so great that, to work up certain studies, he had been misled into neglecting those in which he felt himself strongest. He spoke to me in the frankest and most winning way of his ambition to please you and to distinguish himself by thus achieving a distinction in university annals that had not for many years been even aimed at. I warned him of the difficulties in his way, and of the imprudence of overstraining his powers either of body or of mind. All that I could accomplish, however, was the promise not to get himself into trouble by absences from lectures, and, above all, if he should feel his health giving way at any time, to give up his dangerous ambition. We talked on this last subject whenever he came to see me, and he always assured me that his health was perfect, and his appetite and powers of sleep unimpaired. He took, as I knew, much open air exercise, and his spirits were high and hopeful. Thus my first doubts as to his success gradually gave way to hope, as I watched his work in Greek from month to month. I saw no sign of jaded attention nor of fatigued mind in his class, and rapid mastery of all the facts and principles that I laid before the senior class. His work was always well done. His acquisition of new knowl-

edge was not only very rapid, but also very clear and lasting, especially the grace and correctness of his Greek style, as proved by his weekly exercises, showed me that his mind was applying his new knowledge with such judgment and precision as to prove beyond all doubt that his rapidly acquired knowledge was thoroughly digested and worked into his mind.

As the end drew near, in the June of 1879, the chances of Mr. Garnett's success in standing all the many examinations that awaited him were watched and canvassed with deep interest. His bright wit, merry ways, and sweet temper had made him much beloved by his fellow students; and his remarkable success and ability as a student had aroused admiration among the professors. In Greek, when the time came for my examinations, his papers carried him high up above the mark of graduation. So far from any slurring or carelessness or dullness as the result of supposed overwork, all was clear, accurate, and scholarly. His translations were marked by even more than their usual neatness and elegance of rendition; his statements of facts and principles in syntax were given in the fewest possible words, but with a logical precision in answering the exact question, and in not going beyond the question, such as

showed how carefully he had thought all the bearings of what he had learned. But, best of all, the long exercise in Greek composition, which is regarded as the second part of the examination, was marked by such a fluent and easy command of Attic prose as to remove all doubt of his solid and accurate Greek scholarship. As day by day passed on we heard of what he had done in his other examinations, and his success became more and more assured. There was a wide-spread feeling of relief and of personal pleasure when the news got abroad that he had been successful in all, and had won his two-year degree. The day that he received it must, indeed, have been an impressive and delightful one to him. I remember well how his beautiful face trembled with emotion as, amid the prolonged shouts of enthusiastic students and a crowded audience, he came forward to receive his degree from the chairman's hand. His triumph, I think, in the history of our University was never more fairly won or more worthily bestowed.

In the qualities of his mind and in his methods of study were to be found, of course, the secrets of his university success. Even when he was working hardest, his work was often interrupted by his keen delight in all forms of amusement. He never dulled

the keen edge of his mind by a long strain of unrelieved work, nor by over-anxious solicitude as to his own chances of success. He came back from amusement to work with a keen relish; and, when he studied, he studied with a mind vigorously at work and profoundly interested in the subject before him. Thus his rate of progress was rapid because he never jaded his mind, nor lost interest and enthusiasm in his work. I often found, when he came to see me, that he would take a book away to read, and find time, in all his routine-labors, for the enjoyment of fresh knowledge and a new subject. In this spring and velocity of mind lay the secret, I think, of his power.

His mind itself, as I come to think from observation of him, was distinguished in the highest degree by its power of rapidly mastering principles, and of accurately applying these principles to new facts. Thus, as I found, he never committed the same blunder twice. No sooner was an error made clear to him, than his mind grasped the statement of the underlying principle, and stored up for future use the law that governed the case. Such a mind, if refined by experience and concentrated into higher strength on some special line of research, must have opened up to him, had he lived on, the highest and

noblest success in any profession that he might have chosen. I mourn with you in him, my dear sir, so far as any stranger to you may presume to show you grief, the loss to our University and to our country of a noble, vehement, and powerful young intellect, that might, so far as men could judge, have gone forward very far and very high in its achievements.

Yours, with great respect and profound sympathy,

THOS. R. PRICE.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, *Nov.* 4, 1880.

DR. A. Y. P. GARNETT,

MY DEAR SIR: I have not hitherto intruded into the sacred precincts of a sorrow so deep as yours in the untimely death of your noble son. But I cannot refrain from a few plain lines in tribute to his memory. I did not know him as intimately of course as his young comrades and friends, the graceful eulogiums from whose pens have so touchingly expressed the common lamentation of all in the sudden death of one, in whose future there was such splendid promise of usefulness and honor. My intercourse with him was in the sober and

severe studies of the mathematics. But I learned to admire his brilliancy and quickness of apprehension, and buoyant intellectual courage as tested by the difficulties of those less congenial studies. I learned too, as did all who came in contact with him, to appreciate highly his charming courtesy, and attractive, graceful, manners. Knowing him thus, I sympathized with his fellow-students in their enthusiastic interest in his academic achievements and successes.

His remarkable academic career and sudden death, recall vividly to me another young master, the son of parents near to me, who like your son won the admiration of all by his brilliant intellect and attractive character, and who like him came back from a brief stay in Europe to die in the arms of his father.

That God doth all things well is a truth which I believe in my inmost heart. But it is a mysterious lesson when such men are cut down on the very verge of their manhood, men the vigor and beauty of whose budding genius gave such promise of noble fruitage in the fields of literature and science.

The memory of Jennings Garnett will long linger in these old halls as a sweet and glorious tradition.

Yours, very truly,

CHAS. S. VENABLE.

Soon after his return from the University of Virginia, in July, he received a letter from his intimate friend, Mr. William Christian, informing him that a merchant ship would sail about the first of August, from Richmond, Virginia, for some port in France, and as he proposed going over in this vessel himself, he earnestly hoped Jennings would avail himself of such a favorable opportunity to visit Europe.

Attracted by the companionship of his friend, and the obvious benefit that he would derive from a sea voyage, after so long and arduous a course of study at college, he eagerly embraced the chance thus offered of consummating what he had already planned—the prosecution of his studies in Europe. He accordingly left Washington for Richmond the last week of July, 1879, and on August 2d, in company with his friend, Mr. Christian, embarked on board of the ship Icarus, bound for the port of Havre. He kept a desultory journal of his trip across the Atlantic, but it is evident that the usual monotony of a sea voyage was not varied by any incidents of interest that he regarded as worthy of record. It seems to have been a period of profound rest and tranquillity of mind and body with him, as will be found most touchingly referred to in the reminiscence of his companion.

In glancing over this journal we noticed a few entries which serve in some degree to show the character of his literary tastes and habits, as well as his powers of critical observation :

WEDNESDAY, *August* 20th.—"I read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress over again. It is curious to read between the lines as you go. I greatly preferred the first part, and was only confirmed in my opinion that the Holy War is equal to the Progress—superior to the second part certainly. In the latter part there is too much controversy, and controversy not clearly expressed either—I suspect for the reason that the arguments were not so clearly conceived ; a rather bold undertaking for the son of a traveling tinker, who followed his father's trade for some years and then joined the army, to enter upon the question of 'justification.' The description of Vanity Fair in both the first and second parts strike me as the best of the work. He shows better in the Holy War where his campaigns enable him to give a very animated picture of the sieges, captures and chances of the City of Mansoul. I am surprised it is not more read. Must look up some curious expressions I met with in Bunyan, e. g., 'calves of the lips.'"

Alas, how little he thought while writing these comments, that before one year had rolled over, in that very month, his own pilgrimage on this earth would so early reach the valley of the shadow of death, and that his young and lovely spirit would be called to cross the dark river to enter upon the life where all warfare ceases in the harmony and certainty of the eternal home.

On the 26th of August he makes this entry.—"For the last five days I have been devouring Trevelyan's Macaulay. It is queer that I took up a prejudice against Macaulay without having read but one or two of his essays, owing I think to his attack on Bacon, which I now rejoice to learn from Professor Holmes had been repelled. I am filled with desparing envy when I read of his memory; but I can make mine do better than it has, and I can also train myself to know some Latin and Greek. How much of it the fellow read."

These were the last entries made in his journal which occurred a day or two before he reached port.

Before reaching the end of his trip across the ocean, which occupied twenty-seven days, he had mastered the practical science of navigation, and would frequently amuse himself by assisting the captain and mate in taking observations and work-

ing out the position of the ship. It is also worthy of remark that although these officers were rough, sea-faring men of British America, and accustomed to the rude and hardy life of the merchant sailor, like all others who were brought in contact with him, they very soon manifested in their conduct towards him that his gentle nature, elegant and refined manner and appearance, had insensibly to them, softened their rough characters, and brought them under the magic influence of his mysterious power. They became warmly attached to him, and when parting with him were profuse in their expressions of sorrow.

Unlike most young Americans who visit Paris, he seems to have occupied himself whilst there in the pursuit of useful information, such as seeking a general knowledge of the plan and topography of the city, of its magnificent and extensive public works, its institutions of art, learning and charity. He chiefly devoted his attention to the latter, familiarizing himself in detail with the treasures of perfected art and advanced science which were here presented to him in such richness and variety. These stores of valuable knowledge which he thus leisurely garnered, besides embellishing and enriching his already highly cultivated intellect, would,

no doubt, had he lived, at a future day have been appropriated to some high and noble purpose.

With his characteristic modesty, and aversion to ostentatious display, he rarely referred, after his return from Europe, to his personal experiences, or to what he had seen, unless elicited by the discussion of some subject of art or literature which had come under his observation whilst there; and then the graphic yet simple and elegant manner in which he would disclose his familiarity with such topics, was eminently instructive and fascinating to those around him, and made him the central object of attraction and admiration to his associates.

After remaining in Paris about two months, by the advice of friends and with the concurrence of his own judgment, he determined to return home and prosecute his professional studies in this country, preferring to avail himself of the advantages of a sojourn in Europe, and attendance upon its colleges and libraries at a later period, after he had graduated in his profession at home. He accordingly left Paris in November, and returning by the way of London, he sailed in the City of Berlin for New York late in October. He reached Washington early in November, in apparently vigorous health, having increased in flesh and stature; his

appearance at this time excited general remark and admiration, all of his friends agreeing in the opinion that the trip had been of signal benefit to his physical health.

While waiting for his father to determine which of the two professions, law or medicine, he preferred him to pursue, unwilling to remain idle even for a brief period, he commenced attending lectures in the National Medical College of this city. About this time he contracted a cough which seemed at once to take a deep hold upon him, and to be the harbinger of serious results. From the first the disease appeared to fasten upon him with a fatal grip; he commenced to decline in flesh, to grow pale, and exhibit other alarming symptoms, well calculated to awaken the liveliest apprehensions on the part of his family and friends. It was immediately determined to remove him from this climate, and to send him to some more genial and southern locality. Selecting Aiken, South Carolina, as a long recognized southern sanitarium, he left Washington for that place on the 9th of January.

He did not stay long in Aiken, inasmuch as a friend recommended Trenton very highly, as a resort in the pine lands not far from Aiken, where he would not be so entirely surrounded by invalids,

and where this friend offered him the use of a horse for daily exercise.

Mrs. Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, resided at Edgefield, quite in the vicinity of Trenton. She had been for sometime a friend of his father, Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett. Hearing of the sojourn of the son at Trenton, she invited him with great cordiality to her house, where he frequently went, finding much pleasure in the society of Mrs. Pickens and her daughter. About the first of March his father wrote to him to try another change by going to Thomasville, South Georgia.

Mrs. Pickens had herself been an invalid for sometime, and was well acquainted with the sanitaria of the South. She advised that he should not go farther South so late in the season, and said that she knew he would have all the advantages of a mild and salubrious climate at Edgefield, and insisted with most affectionate solicitation that Jennings should become an inmate of her family, where he could enjoy the luxuries and comforts of a home, not to be had at a hotel, and the most devoted attention and care. His father, with grateful appreciation of Mrs. Pickens' kindness, consented to this plan, and he went to Edgefield early in March.

Mrs. Pickens received him with warm hospitality and bestowed upon him all the tender care and faithful nursing she might have given to her own son. Until about the middle of March the accounts of his health were more favorable, and then they became less satisfactory, and very soon his letters again excited the most painful apprehensions in his family circle at Washington.

In April he wrote that he had declined in strength and lost appetite, was in fact decidedly worse; finally the letters from Mrs. Pickens and himself were so alarming that his brother was sent to bring him home immediately.

We can find no more appropriate place for giving some extracts from a letter received from Mrs. Pickens after his death, than here, in connection with his visit to Edgefield; these extracts add another sweet tribute to the magnetic influence of his lovely character, and throw some light upon the tenor of his mind at this time, suggesting what may have been his thoughts and feelings when he reflected upon his condition in view of the disease then trying him, and of the possibility of an early death.

From the Letter of Mrs. Governor Pickens.

"I mourn my own loss in the early death of your noble and incomparable boy. He was one of my small family, a dear care and interest in my daily life, more than long enough to attach us to him by no ordinary ties, for we learned to know and value his character, as rare as it was superior, in all its wonderful attributes—a brave, bright intellect that looked ever upward and onward in search of truth, a moral nature peculiarly pure and high, instinctively revering all that was true, and beautiful, and good in life; a strength of mental power and purpose; a wealth of information and knowledge almost irreconcilable with his years; all this combined with warm generosity of heart, and gentlest courtesy of manner, rendered his companionship and his friendship a privilege no less than a pleasure and happiness. If we dared question the supreme wisdom and goodness that rule the world, it would seem strange that it was in God's providence to remove from its earthly sphere of action an intelligence so rarely gifted, so rich in every possibility of good to all who came within its influence, to 'rob our age so sorely needful' of a spirit who with its maturity must have elevated and adorned its highest ranks.

"I like to know there was no touch of sorrow in his life or on his heart, save what came through his inexhaustible sympathy for others, that he escaped all the disappointments, all the painful dis-illusions of an earthly career, and if it is given to such happy spirits *to remember*, only the brightness, and blessings, and beauty of earth will make his memory.

"I like also to remember his courage, and patience, and cheerfulness under suffering, and above all, the calm Christian spirit of the only occasion on which he ever to me referred to his possible death. In driving home from the cemetery, where we had taken some flowers, I observed that he was more grave and silent than usual, and he continued so all the evening. In the course of conversation among the young people the question was asked as to what in life was the surest foundation or chance for happiness? He said, 'I think a devout love for the will of God.'

"Later I inquired—'Why have you been so quiet and thoughtful?' 'I do not like to tell you,' he replied, 'because I think presentiments and such things foolish; but while walking in the cemetery, thinking of your remonstrance when I objected to my overcoat, and saying to me, "no cough is a

small matter; I have known a very slight cough to end seriously." Just then, I raised my eyes and saw written on a tombstone, "aged twenty years and six months." Somehow it has made me thoughtful,' and then I recollected his remark as to insuring happiness."

These extracts speak for themselves and need no further comment.

He arrived in Washington the last part of April. His family were inexpressibly shocked at his appearance. He was emaciated and extremely weak. From that time until his death everything that the most eminent physican could advise, and that the most careful nursing could do was done for him. A long and hard battle was fought for the precious life, but the dread enemy that attacked with such malignant and insidious power could not be vanquished.

During all this season of suffering and waiting, and all his subsequent illness, he evinced the same patience and gentle courtesy of manner which had so endeared him to his friend Mrs. Pickens. He was always serene and generally cheerful, no complaint escaping his lips, no murmur of impatience betraying his uneasiness of mind or heart.

He remained for six weeks in Washington, and he recuperated considerably, regained flesh and appetite, and so far recovered his strength, that in the early part of June it was determined to send him to Cobb's Island, off the Virginia coast, where he could have the full benefit of ocean air. Some four weeks were passed at this place in the company of his mother and brother, and with manifest benefit. On his return en route for Washington he spent a week at Old Point, Virginia, and notwithstanding a slight hemorrhage which occurred while there, upon reaching home he seemed to have improved in appearance and strength and his father felt so much encouraged about his health, that he at once sent him to the mountains of Virginia, to escape the exhausting heat of the city; he was apparently so much better, that his brother alone accompanied him.

They left on the ninth day of July, for the Red Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, the waters of which place had long been noted for their healing efficacy in pulmonary affections; he had much confidence in the effect of these waters and frequently expressed himself hopeful of their beneficial results in his case.

Owing however to the exhausting and fatiguing journey which he was compelled to make from the

railroad station to the springs, he was, soon after reaching there, prostrated by a severe and copious hemorrhage, from which he never rallied. A sojourn at this place of nearly three weeks utterly failed to afford the least grounds for hope, he continued to fail from day to day, declining so rapidly in strength that the necessity for his immediate return home became apparent to all.

He reached Washington, Friday, July 31st, and on the following Tuesday he became most alarmingly worse; his symptoms told that the vital powers were finally giving away, and foreboded that dissolution could not be distant. Then for the first time his father told him of his low condition, that he must resign all hope of recovery, and that death might be very near. He received the communication with wonderful calmness, saying, I had hoped to live, but if God has decreed it otherwise, I am not afraid to die, I would even now prefer to live, and up to this moment had always hoped to recover. Up to this period of his illness he had been entirely reserved in regard to his feelings about the fatality of his disease, and in the expression of his religious sentiments.

When told that Bishop Pinkney who had been the pastor of his childhood and youth had been

telegraphed to come to him he expressed great satisfaction, saying that he wished to see him above all others. The Bishop was at the White Sulphur Springs, but came immediately upon receiving the sad summons.

We will not attempt to lift the vail from the sacred privacy of the interview between the Bishop and his young disciple.

The letter of the Bishop which we here introduce fully expresses his estimate of Jennings.

Bishop Pickney's Letter.

My Dear Friends: Words cannot express the sympathy I feel for you in the deep sorrow which it hath pleased God to lay on your bleeding hearts, and yet it is a sorrow that hath the sweetest consolation.

To speak of Jennings without seeming exaggeration would not be possible. The etching of such a character looks like hyperbole. I knew him in his bright boyhood, and a more lovely boy never gave sunshine to the hearthstone more bright and glowing. It was the sunshine of a heart as fresh as a dew-drop and full as sparkling. I fancy I see him now, as I saw him then, with his fine classical contour of features and graceful form. Passionately

fond of books from the very start; he was singularly discriminating in his judgment of them. I remember hearing his grandfather, the Hon. Henry A. Wise, say of him one evening as he lay on the rug, in the advancing twilight, pouring over some history or work far beyond his years, for he was but a child, I have been testing him, to see if he comprehended what he was reading, and to my surprise he gave me a complete analysis of the contents.

When fourteen years old, his teacher said to me, I wish you had been in my schoolroom to-day. I called Jennings Garnett to the blackboard and gave him a very difficult problem to solve in mathematics. He used his own letters in the diagram, and having solved the problem, he worked out the rule in his own language with marvelous precision and perspecuity; I then gave him Homer to recite, and such a translation you never heard.

He thought him the most wonderful boy he had ever come in contact with. His mind was as prompt as it was brilliant, and as solid as it was prompt. What cost others hard study, he mastered without effort.

In William and Mary he won all the honors of his class, and at eighteen filled a chair of instruction with entire satisfaction.

In the University of Virginia he achieved in an incredibly short time a success, which made his exit from University life a perfect ovation. A lady said to me, I have witnessed like exhibitions in Oxford, and Cambridge, England, but I never saw anything that could be compared to the triumph of young Garnett. All this is matter of history, and the history was written by a youth of twenty.

If I were to attempt an analysis of his mental organism I should say that depth and brilliancy were equally balanced. He was fully as remarkable for his power of acquisition as he was for his power of expression.

Fluent, self-poised, full of knowledge, and apt in the art of communicating what he knew, he would keep his young companions, night after night, hanging on his lips, as he discoursed to them of history, logic, rhetoric, constitutional law, and poetry. They all acknowledged his marked superiority, and hence, there was never a pang of jealousy felt. His modesty was equal to his intellectual vigor, and that disarmed rivalry.

I do not believe that his equal at twenty years of age could have been found through the whole length and breadth of this land, nor do I believe his superior was anywhere to be found on the globe.

The versatility of his gifts was as remarkable as their depth and brilliancy.

He was fond of physical exercise, and no one took the lead when he was at the oar or in the gymnasium. He was the life of the social circle, and nothing could exceed his refinement of thought and expression. I have seen the most willing testimony borne to this feature of his character by those who were his bosom companions. In his freest intercourse with his associates, he never gave expression to a thought or word that the most delicate lady might not have listened to with pleasure. So they say, all.

In my interview with him, a few days before he fell asleep, he said, with great emphasis, Bishop, I have never had a doubt of the religion of Christ, and I know that there can be no hope that is not based on the crucified Son of God. His Bible gives evidence of daily use. Passages are marked, and the daily reading in it is indicated. It was the best used book on his table.

He told me that he had wished to be confirmed, but the opportunity was not afforded him. He said that his thoughts on this subject were not the growth of a day or hour of sickness. In the calmest manner possible he said to me, I wish to receive the

communion and to be confirmed if you think it right. I dealt honestly with him, and never shall I forget his first sweet communion and the holy unction of his manner.

In company with a lady, with whom he staid while at the South, he said, when asked his opinion as to the chief happiness of man, it is the sweet submission of the soul to the will of God; and to one of his colleagues, who had chosen the ministry as the work of his future life, he said, you have chosen the noble profession.

He was very dear to me. His grandeur of intellect awed me. Though only twenty-one, he made me feel that there was nothing in the range of human thought beyond his grasp. His modesty awed me. It was truly wonderful. His gentleness moved me. His unselfishness won upon my warmest regard. His freedom from censoriousness was indeed a charm.

To have such a jewel in your possession for twenty years was a rich, rare privilege. To have him call you father and mother was exquisite happiness. His filial obedience, and warm, gushing sympathy you know, for you felt it all.

His desire to please you was the cordial of his young life. The consciousness that he could not

hope to live to repay you for your nursing care was the only regret I heard him express as the dark river was rolling at his feet.

Job says: "Miserable comforters are ye all." I feel it is so. God bless and soothe and sanctify you in your sorrow. This is the prayer of your afflicted friend and brother.

W. PINKNEY.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1880.

It has been a source of ineffable and abiding consolation to his family that his was no death-bed conversion. As far back as 1874, upon the occasion of his leaving home, he was presented with a Bible by his mother, in which we find this fact recorded, together with his own name and the following quotations: "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth forever." Ps. 125:1. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Ps. 111:10. These were written by himself, and are an evidence of the care, regularity and attention that he bestowed upon the study of the Bible. We also find a tablet of record showing the day and dates, upon which each portion of the Holy Scripture was read, as well as the exactness and fidelity he observed in

the performance of what he regarded as a paramount duty. Overwhelming as was the herculean task which he had imposed upon himself, demanding unceasing and extraordinary application, one can scarcely conceive it possible that he could find time for the daily perusal of the Scriptures, yet it appears by his own accurate records that this beautiful young spirit never failed in the performance of this sacred duty, and ceased not to remember and fulfill the teachings of his childhood.

Like all other subjects presented to the analytic powers of his extraordinary mind, he seemed to absorb and acquire knowledge of the Holy Book as by intuition, comprehending and realizing the full import of its divine truths.

He often expressed his belief in the teachings of the Bible; and only a few days before his death, with no immediate apprehension that his departure from earth was so soon to occur, when conversing upon the subject of death, he remarked that he was not afraid to die, that he had often thought upon the subject, and that he believed implicitly in a future state and the plan of salvation taught by the Christian religion.

His life, he said, had been such a busy one in college, that he had deferred the renewal of the

baptismal vows of infancy by the rite of confirmation—the public declaration of his firm faith before men, but that it had been his intention to do so for several years. He was also deterred, in part, from taking this step, by the fact that there were some comparatively unimportant points of dogmatic theology, to which his intellect had not assented, and upon which he needed more light to clear away the mists of obscurity and doubt; he wished to have a clear reason for the hope and faith he should profess before God and man. Continuing to converse upon this subject, he said, that "it would be hard to give up the plans and objects traced out by hope and ambition for the future life of this world, and that owing to the intimate connection between the soul and body, dissolution must be attended with a fearful wrench—that the parting from all the loved ones of earth was very heart rending—yet if it was God's will that he must go, he should meet death calmly and fearlessly."

During the last two days of his illness, though patient and submissive under all his suffering and weariness, he asked that if it was God's will, that the end of his sickness and pain might not be long deferred.

We may, indeed, say of him, that he seemed to

belong to God and Heaven. Endowed by nature with graces and gifts which adorn and illustrate the Christian character, and accepting so fully Divine truth, as found in Jesus Christ, no shadow of a doubt can cross our mind that he is enjoying the eternal happiness of a higher and better life.

So great was his purity of character, so refined his nature, that it was manifested in his high type of manly beauty and lovely expression of countenance.

It is no exaggeration to say that in our belief the most hardened in vice would have been as much startled by profanity or a coarse expression emanating from his lips as if it had been uttered by a delicate and modest maiden.

We may be pardoned for saying, in conclusion, that the rich harmony and sweet accord exhibited in the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious attributes so rarely combined in this gifted youth, presents to our mind a triumphant diapason of Divine music.

To those who were unacquainted with Jennings Garnett this sketch may present one feature calculated to elicit criticism. It may be said by some of these that it is too much in the line of eulogy to be an accurate exposition or representation of the life and character of any individual, that it borders

on the miraculous to find so perfect a being. We reply to those, if there be any such, that there was no dark side to his life or character; that the picture so far drawn is a faithful and true delineation; that his brief existence was like the germination, growth, and flowering of some lovely and fragrant plant, the brightness and beauty of which was all that belonged to it; unfolding its symmetry and sweetness at each stage of its progressive development, without a blemish or stain to mar its perfected maturity. Nor must it be supposed that he was what is styled an effeminate book worm, and lacking in any of the manly qualities or that chivalrous spirit which constitutes the perfect man. On the contrary, he was ever ready, on all proper occasions, to engage in manly sports and exercise, sympathizing with and taking an active part in most enterprises of the kind inaugurated by his college companions; as accomplished, indeed, in most of such pursuits as he was in the arena of scholarship. From his boyhood he was conspicuous for his fearless and unselfish bravery, espousing the cause of a friend with a chivalric and heroic disregard of personal safety as readily, or more so, than in defence of himself. Impelled by his generous and noble nature, he has often been known to thrust himself between the weak and

the strong—stoutly and courageously defending the former when the balance of physical strength was greatly in favor of his antagonist.

"———— *τοῦ δ' ουκ επιλήσομαι ὄφρ' ἂν ἔγωγε*
Ζωοῖσιν μετέω καί μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρῃ.
Εἰ δὲθανόντων περ καταλήθοντ' ἐιν 'Αΐδαο,
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ κεῖθι φίλου μεμνήσομ' ἑταίρου."

Iliad, Book XXII, line 387 to 390.

ACTION OF COLLEGE AUTHORITIES AND SOCIETIES.

[Extract.]

COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY,
WILLIAMSBURG, VA., *Sept.* 18, 1880.

At a meeting of the Faculty, held this day, the following action was taken:

"Whereas the Faculty of this Institution has received the sad intelligence of the death of Jennings Wise Garnett, within its experience the most distinguished graduate of the college for scholarship and capacity, and who the year after he graduated performed with ability and acceptance, the duties of Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy.

"*Resolved*, That this Faculty seeks, thus, to express its heartfelt sympathy with the parents of their late pupil and friend, assuring them of its sorrowful appreciation of the loss of a son of such genius, promise, and virtue.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of the above be sent to the parents of the deceased."

BENJ. S. EWELL,
President.

[Extract.]

HEADQUARTERS WISE LIGHT INFANTRY,

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., *Oct.* 2, 1880.

At a meeting of the Wise Light Infantry held at their armory in Williamsburg, Virginia, October 2, 1880, the following action was taken in reference to the death of Jennings Wise Garnett, an honorary and formerly an active member of the company:

Resolved, That this command has heard with unfeigned sorrow of the death of Jennings Wise Garnett, who for two years was an active member of this company.

Resolved, That we not only wish to pay all proper respect to the memory of the deceased as a late comrade, but wish to record the love and affection which bound us to him personally. In addition to his wonderful talents, and his pre-eminence as a student, we remember with pride his ready zeal in the affairs of our company, and the facility with which he answered all questions upon a competitive examination for promotion, which he won over all others by a unanimous vote of the judges.

Resolved, That as he was in other spheres of life a type of the highest manhood, so as a citizen soldier he was an example of excellence; and we

are proud to have had his name upon our roll of members, regarding it as an honor to our corps, and a compliment to the volunteers of Virginia.

Resolved, That the usual testimony of mourning be adopted by the command in honor of the memory of our late comrade, Corpl. Jennings Wise Garnett.

By direction of the company:

RICHARD A. WISE, *Captain.*
JNO. L. MERCER, *1st Lieut.*
T. M. SOUTHALL, *2d Lieut.*
C. P. ARMSTEAD, *3d Sergeant.*

IN MEMORIAM.

B. Θ. Π.

Whereas it has come to our knowledge that on the 7th day of August, 1880, our brother, Jennings Wise Garnett, passed from this life, and

Whereas Brother Garnett was at the time of his death, a most worthy and respected member of this fraternity:

Be it resolved by Omicron Chapter of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity:

1st. That while we cannot understand the wisdom of the Divine decree which has taken from us our brother, just entering on the bright prospects of

manhood, we know that it has been done in wisdom, and in love by one "too wise to err too good to be unkind."

2d. That we feel that words are inadequate to express the deeply heartfelt sorrow which the news of his death has occasioned, and we may but feebly portray our feelings of sadness in thinking of the loss we have sustained.

3d. That in the death of Brother Garnett our fraternity has lost a scholar whose former achievements gave ample promise of future success, a high minded and noble gentleman, and a man who "take him all in all we shall not look upon his like again."

4th. That we extend to the family and friends of Brother Garnett, our heartfelt sympathy in this time of great affliction which has fallen to their lot and to ours, and assure them in this hour of sadness that their sorrow is the sorrow of us all.

5th. That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the bereaved family, and a copy be sent to the University Magazine for publication.

S. J. Shepherd,
T. W. Haynes,
Geo. R. Hughes,
Committee.

University of Virginia,
Hall of Beta Theta Pi, Oct. 16th, 1880.

FROM PUBLIC JOURNALS AND PRIVATE LETTERS.

From the many beautiful and affectionate tributes to him written for the public journals, or as private letters to his family, we have selected the following to be placed on record in this little memorial volume:

From Armistead C. Gordon.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., *August* 10, 1880.

HENRY WISE GARNETT, ESQ., *Washington, D. C.*

MY DEAR SIR: I trust that with a recognition of the motive which prompts this letter you will pardon a seeming intrusion. For the two years that he was a student at the University of Virginia, I knew Jennings Garnett intimately, and the news of his death, which came to me a few days ago at Staunton, my present dwelling place, filled me with a profound and sincere regret. I have little patience with the cant of condolence; I write to you now merely to add one other additional voice to the chorus of praise of the young life whose thread has been broken, and to show you that there are hearts beyond his own hearthstone that have been touched by his untimely end. I regard his death as a public calamity, for I know that his genius and his acquire-

ments must unavoidably have exerted a widespread and beneficial influence in after years had he lived to attain the meridian of manhood.

In contemplating his death, I am reminded of that eloquent passage in the speech of Fisher Ames on the occasion of the death of Alexander Hamilton: "These tears that we shed will never dry up. My heart grows liquid as I speak, and I could pour it out like water."

Although I am older by some years than your brother was, and had graduated at the University several sessions before he entered it, yet through an intimacy formed with a younger brother of my own at William and Mary College, I was brought in contact with him on his arrival at this place, and his splendid character and genius drew me irresistibly to him.

During his last session at the University I had the good fortune, although not a student, to be a member of a literary club of seven in the institution—all of whom were amongst its "honor men" at its ensuing commencement.

It was our custom to meet weekly for the informal discussion of political, social and literary subjects; and in that assembly of young talents Jennings Garnett's mind shone like a light on a mountain. He

was confessedly the superior of us all in intellect, in knowledge, in the power of imparting that knowledge, although in years he was the junior of each of us.

Time after time have I known him hold that thoughtful body of young men in a mute and attentive thrall, till late in the night, with the singularity of his knowledge, the originality of his thought, the grace and ease and charm of his language. In this club I saw him at his best in the display of his mental powers. He was a young, intellectual giant, at whose feet we all knelt, and from whose mind we drew knowledge as water from a fountain. The mysteries of natural science, the glories of ancient and modern history, the wealth and the power of philosophy, the beauties of poetry, flowed from his lips as though such knowledge were innate in him and a very part of his being. His was the most wonderful young mind with which I ever came in contact.

But his mind was not inferior to his heart. When a youth at college stands pre-eminent above his comrades, the slings and arrows of detraction are not unfrequently aimed at such a shining mark. Yet it was not so in this instance. In all the time of my acquaintance with him I never heard a word

spoken of him that was not of earnest admiration. I have heard many that went far beyond and eclipsed admiration in burning words of ardent affection.

Generous, brave, warm-hearted—tender as a woman—perfectly devoid of vanity which successful achievement so often brings—beautiful as Apollo—with the knowledge and the judgment of mature middle age—the enthusiasm of youth, and the genius which belongs to no one of the seven ages, unless it be given at birth, he seemed in the regard of his young comrades all that a man ought to be or could be.

It has given me a melancholy satisfaction to testify my admiration for his genius, and for the purity of his character that always "wore the white flower of a blameless life." If such testimony be an intrusion, I trust and believe that you will pardon it for his sake; and believe me,

Very truly yours,

ARMISTEAD C. GORDON.

"I fancy that your soul somewhere to-night
Rejoices in the glow of Shakspeare's smile;
That Bacon's luminating thoughts beguile
Your knowledge-craving spirit; that the light
Of Shelley's face shines on your raptured sight;
That Marlowe's song is ringing in your ears,

And yet to my unwilling eyes the tears
Steal tremulously up, my cheek grows white.
Can Shakspeare's smile and Shelley's beauty keep
Your spirit so entranced no thought will stray
Back to this nether planet where we weep?
Is our old night-time lost in your new day?
Ah, no! For sweet though Marlowe's song may be,
And Bacon's words, you walk no less to-night with me.

A. C. G.

From Henry C. Coke.

RICHMOND, VA., *August* 11, 1880.

DR. A. Y. P. GARNETT, *Washington, D. C.*

MY DEAR SIR: You will doubtless be somewhat surprised at the receipt of this from me. If I appear to intrude upon a grief which is sacred, and which from its very intensity must seem to be yours alone, I hope you will pardon me; but I cannot refrain from expressing to the father of our dear old Jinks the distress I feel at his untimely death.

I have known him intimately for five or six years, having first met him at William and Mary College in 1875, where we occupied for a time the double relation of professor and student, and of fellow students. Since that time we have been students together at the University of Virginia, members of the same college fraternity, and on the most inti-

mate terms of friendship; and "Jinks," as we always called him, is prominent in all of my most pleasant recollections of college life.

I have never known a man who so nearly approached my ideal of what a man should be; it might be said of him truly: "That nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man."

To the most brilliant mind I have ever known he added the most gentle and unassuming manners—always ready for pleasure or work as the occasion demanded, and excelling in both—carrying with him into all the relations of life that manliness and modest bearing which won for him the esteem and admiration of all with whom he came in contact. For two years he was the pride of the University, doing there what no other man had ever done; and it was esteemed not only a pleasure, but an honor to be an intimate friend of "Jinks" Garnett. I know what a void his death has left in the hearts of his family, but all the consolation that can be derived from the sympathy of those who admired and loved him well is their's.

Remember me to Yelverton, who is, I hope, quite well.

Believe me, dear sir, yours very truly,

HENRY C. COKE.

From Mr. G. W. Morris.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., *Aug.* 25, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR: I have endeavored to write a sketch of Jennings as I knew him but I find I am unequal to the task. It would be a most grateful one if I felt that I could be the means of letting others know him as I knew him, and of perpetuating the memory of the brightest mind and noblest spirit that graced my college days. But I find I cannot do justice to his memory and I will not belittle it.

Many beyond the limits of his acquaintance have heard of and knew the brilliancy of his mind and the splendor of his college achievements, but none but those who knew him when a student, can know the peculiar modesty of his bearing, the good fellowship that made him ready for each and every scheme of pleasure that was proposed; the purity of character that placed him in every position of trust and confidence which the students had to bestow, and the gentle kindliness of manner that won for him the friendship and affection of all with whom he was brought into association; and none but they can know that these, and not his intellect, are qualities which made him, when living, the best

known and best loved student of his time, and with which old students associate his memory.

The position he attained in college was a peculiar and an enviable one. The most conspicuous man of his day, known and talked of by every one, at the head of almost every organization of which he was a member; always and in every discussion and division of interest, the earnest advocate of one side or the other, and never hesitating to give his opinion of men and measures; yet Jinks Garnett was the only man of the many I knew at college against whom I have yet to hear the first word of unkindness spoken by any one. When you consider the petty jealousies and dislikes that divide the students into so many adverse cliques and factions, you can appreciate that no higher tribute could be paid to his gentleness and modesty, to his unimpeachable integrity of character and conduct.

I have nothing to say about his mind. Thousands knew it and lament its lost. But I and the students of '77–8 and '78–9 will long regret the loss and keep fresh the memory of our most genial companion and truest friend.

The announcement that the gentie spirit of Jinks Garnett had fled forever brought sorrow into many homes besides his own.

I regret that I cannot write a worthy sketch of Jinks, what I have written is far from satisfying me, but I send it as it is.

I am, sincerely and truly,

GEO. WATTS MORRIS.

HENRY WISE GARNETT, *Washington, D. C.*

From James L. Gordon.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., *August* 14, 1880.

MY DEAR YEL: I have waited until things grew a little calmer with you before writing how my heart has been with you in this our deep affliction. I say *our* affliction, because I know that no one outside of his immediate family can grieve as I do for my dear Jennings. He was the nearest and the dearest friend I ever had:

"Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me."

Into my life, my love for him is so blended, that I cannot think of him as dead.

Through all my happiest past the memory of him runs like a golden thread.

I know of no one of whom it could be said more truly that "This brave and tender man in every

storm was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower."

I do not think I am mistaken when I say that during the time he was at the University with me I was nearer to him, knew him better, his thoughts, his hopes, his aims, than any other of his many friends; and I know that I worshipped him.

Through all the days I knew him, under all circumstances, at all times and in all places I never faltered in that love, nor shall I ever do so. I shall carry to my own grave the memory of his fair and gentle face and of his gentle soul.

I cannot express to you with what crushing grief the intelligence of his death fell on me; for, although I had been told often that he could never get well, it seemed so unnatural, so horrible, that I never ceased to hope, if not for his ultimate recovery, at least that he would live many years.

Ever since he returned from the South I had wanted to go on to see him, but various circumstances kept me from doing so. I had hoped, at least, to see him once before he died, and it was only when they told me he was dead that I knew how inexpressibly dear he was to me.

For the first time, Yelverton, since my own dear mother died, I gave way to an agony of tears—tears

that seemed to spring from my heart like drops of blood. Oh, I wish I could tell you how truly, how tenderly I loved him.

This morning I read a little poem of Miss Proctor, called the Pilgrims, which, after describing the bitterness of a great grief, concluded with—

"But blacker hung the darkness,
Round Calvary's cross that day.
O Lamb of God who takest,
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us."

Let us trust that He will.

I must close now, my dear old fellow, for it is getting so dark I can't see to write.

If you ever find time to write, I will always be glad to hear from you.

Ever your friend,

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

From George L. Fawcett.

ROSSVILLE, BALTIMORE CO., MD., *August* 10, 1880.

MR. Y. P. GARNETT.

MY VERY DEAR SIR: Owing to a change of residence, it was late Monday morning that I received your telegram. Alas, too late for me to pay a last tribute in person to poor Jennings. I write now to

express to you the pain that was caused by the death of one truly dear to me, and to extend the deepest sympathy to you and your family for this most direful trouble. Even though it might have been suspected by you for months before, how overwhelming it must be!

To associate youth and the death, even of the most commonplace, is dreadful enough; but how much more so when youth and genius are cut down! I am not alone in memories of youth resplendent in brightness, in which the image of Jinks is so prominent; or am I alone in having them clouded by this sad event.

I am but one of the many who held the tenderest regard for him—regard for him not only engendered by his grand intellect, but also by gentle and kind characteristics so sweet that the merest weakling could not feel overshadowed. Envy could find no place vulnerable.

Is it possible! Can Jinks be dead? I cannot realize that death has taken what nature has striven so hard to make perfect.

How I sympathize with you. Those of your family who are yet young in life can, perhaps, learn to bear this fearful shock; but your parents! My heart bleeds for them!

Children are the solace of the winter of life—in them parents may live again; the triumphs of the child are the triumphs of the father and mother. What triumphs seemed in store for son and parents in this case? What hopes have been blasted by that King of Terror, Death?

Yours, sincerely,

GEO. L. FAWCETT.

From George S. Shackelford.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., 1880.

DR. A. Y. P. GARNETT, *Washington, D. C.*

MY DEAR SIR: Understanding from Mr. Gordon that you expect to have photographs taken of a crayon portrait of Jennings, I take the liberty of writing to ask that you will send a copy of the photograph to me.

Amiable, modest, unselfish, brave and generous, added to the most brilliant mind I have ever known, he was to me one of the most lovable men that it has ever been my good fortune to have associated with.

Hoping that the interest I feel in what concerns the memory of your son and my friend, may be a sufficient excuse for my writing this without being

personally acquainted with any other member of his family, and extending to you the sympathy of one who knows what it is to have the one you hold dearest taken from you,

I am, very sincerely,

GEO. S. SHACKELFORD.

From the Richmond, (Va.) "State."

TO HIS MEMORY.

BY W. E. CHRISTIAN, A COLLEGE MATE.

"* * * νέος νέῳ, ξὺν *Μόρῳ*,

* * * * * *

Ἔθανες."—*Soph.*

Jennings Wise Garnett was born in Washington, March 1st, 1859. He was the youngest son of Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett of that city. His mother is the daughter, by his first marriage, of the late Henry A. Wise. His first name comes to him from his great-grandfather the Rev. Dr. Jennings, in his time, a distinguished minister, of Kentucky.

It was during the later time of his life in Richmond that, not yet six years of age, he was even then sketching the outlines of the life before him. Having learned from his mother his early lessons, many an evening could his eyes have been seen

following at the sleepy end of the day the twilight stealing away from his story—alone with his book.

Having removed to Washington in 1868, he was entered at school. His master loved him for his gentleness, and had respect for his pliant power. During the last two years of his school life, a mere boy, he helped to teach his mates.

In 1874, he entered William and Mary College. Now, he was destined to lighten, with a sheen yet livelier, the sheer brilliance with which his thrilling-tongued ancestry had long before skirted the uttermost borders of Virginia. Taking his Bachelor's degree in two sessions, he was, during his second session, appointed sub-professor. Remaining the third session for a general and leisurely review, he was occupied as senior professor, also, in the schools of Mental Science and of Constitutional Law. The same faculties that gave him prestige as a young lecturer, gave him a simple majesty, also, as a young debater.

In the fall of 1877, he entered the University of Virginia. In two years, outstripping there all former graduates, he won from Bishop Dudley the "our distinguished graduate." At his books he was not constant. Swift and strong in game, to his lady he wore the smile of Sidney; on horse he was

a Claverhouse; to his master he was the Genius; to his friend he was the brother; to the world the gentleman—reserved, courteous and brave. In success, he was constant. It has been said that he was never seen to study. For his study was not our study. His glimpse was an electric sweep; his companions could not see that he had compassed the whole expanse, and how he was again so soon among them with his music and mirth. His ken, like a wand, the problem, under its magic, tumbled into pieces. In review he condensed twice—first into topics, then into lines. Taking up the lines like stitches, he would swiftly thread through and gather up the whole subject. At the end of the first session he took diplomas on Mathematics, Latin, French, German, and a certificate in intermediate Greek; at the end of the second session he took diplomas in Greek, Natural Science, Chemistry, Moral Philosophy, History and Literature. His famous task done, said Professor Holmes, "he is a perfect man." His fellows would have borne him on their shoulders, but shrinking away, he hid himself. At the call of his name, tall and lithe, he walked forward. Upon a fair Greek face, lines of intellectual light classically crossed one another. The rapturous thrill of applause over-burdened

him; his lips quivered and his eyes filled as he took his master's diploma. 'Twas all done, yet had not attention been called to him, you would not have seen the doer.

In the summer of 1879, with a companion, he took passage on a sailing vessel for France. A strange, sweet rest came over him. The broad waters seemed to give freedom, for the first time, to his soul's expanding. His face became glorified before the gale, and, in calm, he seemed to be extorting from a star its secret, or listening to a wave whispering its story.

In Paris, he attracted the attention of Dr. Belvin, of that city, who would have had him return to finish under his care his profession. He had been offered a scholarship in the University of Paris, but, on his refusal of it, the University of Virginia had awarded it to another.

In November, 1879, he returned, in handsome plight, to Washington. But the blight soon came. Neither the mildness of the South, nor the sulphur of the mountain brought back the bloom.

August 7th, 1880, at his home, he was dying; he was calmly ready. His soul was too great for destruction or for mortal fear. "I weep for Adonais; he is dead." Never a rosary rarer than

the golden thread of his gentle life beaded with brilliants!

From his face lifeless, still

> "The glowing lamp of genius outward shone,
> As through a whitish vase."

A moment before the end, calmly, quietly, he said: "My vision is so impaired that I cannot distinguish objects clearly." Dazzled by the quick splendor of the Heaven-light! Then he "lives, he wakes. 'Tis death is dead, not he. Mourn not for Adonais."

> "Immortal youth!
> "His presence haunts this room to-night,
> Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
> Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
> Dear guest."

August 20, 1880. W. E. C.

From the Richmond Dispatch.

JENNINGS WISE GARNETT.

By J. C. L., A College Mate.

A telegram received here Saturday morning brings the sad intelligence of the death, in Washington, of Jennings, the brilliant son of Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, of that city. His friends have feared the worst for some time, and yet it comes with a shock—so hard is it to accustom ourselves

to the thought of death when we are brought face to face with the mystery.

The simple announcement will carry a pang to hundreds of young hearts throughout the country—hearts that so lately beat with his in the proud hour of victory when we saw him crowned with the highest honors of the first institution in the land, and that will now beat in sympathy with those stricken with a voiceless anguish by their desolate hearthstone.

It is a sentiment that dignifies our common nature which impels the living to speak of the dead only in terms of forbearance and respect. But much will be forgiven the man who comes to pay his last poor tribute to a dead friendship. No, not a dead friendship; for death can no more kill the emotions than it can kill its immortal source—the soul. It is, like prayer, among the forces of nature, and cannot be lost. It may be severed and broken here for a while, but it will be united hereafter in an infinite and eternal harmony.

"Jinks," as we called him in familiar college intercourse, was not more than two and twenty* years of age, and yet such was the brilliancy of his intellect that it may be said he was well-known even

* But twenty years and four months.

beyond the bounds of his native State. He took the highest degree in the University (that of M. A.) easily in two sessions—a feat that no other man has performed since the course was increased to *nine* tickets. And yet he was not, as might be supposed, a bookworm; there was never the odor of the midnight oil about him. No man was readier than "Jinks" for a song, a game, a callithump, or a pull on the river. No man took more active interest in the athletic sports of the University, nor gave them more time than he; though it would seem that he of all men had least time to give anything but his books. And yet a bad recitation or a slip on an examination from him would have been a nine-day's wonder. What other men attained by intense and continued application he seemed to reach by a single bound. His swift comprehension amounted almost to intuition.

But I had not intended to speak of his *mind:* his light has gone out on the very threshold of life, but his reputation as a scholar and man of genius will live. I recall now his social characteristics most clearly. There were few more popular men with the students than he. His abilities did not seem to excite the envy of other men, probably because he was so far above the average that few

felt the comparison. His manly face and figure gave him a distinguished bearing, which you could not fail to mark even in a crowd. All who came within the influence of his daily life felt the charm they could not well describe. His heart was a fit companion for his mind, and both were of imperial mould. It will be many years before the students of the University for the sessions 1877–'8 and 1878–'9 will forget the genial and generous smile of "Jinks" Garnett, while nearer still there are those—

> "Who for thy last long sleep,
> Shall sleep as sweetly never more;
> Shall weep because thou cans't not weep,
> And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er."

It has been a sad pleasure to one who knew and loved him to pen this hasty and imperfect sketch.

With this notice taken from the "Louisville Commercial," we introduce the concluding paragraph of a letter received at the same time, from the writer of the notice, a college companion and warm friend of Jennings:

"My deepest sympathy has gone out to you from first, and I hope that you will not deem me guilty of exaggeration when I say that I need it as much

in this case as yourself. Jennings was one of the few that I have known who commanded my utmost respect and love. Believe me, sir, when I say that I hardly expect ever to look upon his like again.

"I am, very truly yours,

"CHARLES RUTLEDGE WHIPPLE."

Extract from Louisville Commercial.

"The Washington papers brought to me some weeks ago the tidings of the death of Jennings Wise Garnett, another grandson of Henry A. Wise. This boy was just turned of twenty years of age, and yet in that brief space he had gained more distinction as a student than ever fell before to the lot of one so young. At seventeen years of age he had graduated at the College of William and Mary with the highest honors of his class, was then appointed Professor of Mental Science and Constitutional Law, and having served in that capacity for one year, he entered the University of Virginia, and by the brilliant power of an intellect almost divine, was graduated at the close of his second session with the degree of Master of Arts. This achievement was justly reckoned the highest that the University had ever seen.

"After a short absence in Europe he returned to

his home in Washington, and on the 7th day of August, 1880, he passed away from us as calmly as one would lie down to sleep. There is in such a case but little for us who loved him to console ourselves with, and we can see nothing of compensation for the perishing of so noble and high a soul. Bending to the grim and inexorable law that bore him to the earth, we do but wonder how, in the economy of nature, such a necessity could arise, and understanding not, we do but wonder still. So, in grief too deep to be put into cold words, we carry his memory with us from day to day and leave him to the rest of heart and mind that comes not to us for our sorrowing.

"Withered like a lily plucked by cruel hands; vanished like a star stricken from the silent heavens; gone like the light from the day; missed as love is when death has come; he lives still in the sweet and ennobling influences that we have with us from his life, and so we are not entirely cheated of what he was to us.

"It takes no eye of faith to see that his life was all that life can be, and we scorn that justice which avers that in his taking off right was done in any way. Power may be grim, cruel and cold if it choose, but being so, it alone must bear the fault of being unloved.

"'He giveth his beloved sleep,' they say. But down in the gloom and silence of pathetic dust we leave him and go our way, crying, 'Alas! his beloved are sleepless and our feet are smitten with stones.'"

We little thought whilst reading this beautiful and feeling tribute, penned but a few weeks ago, that our hearts would so soon be saddened by the intelligence, that this brilliant young intellect had been suddenly extinguished by the hand of death, and another bright brave spirit been called hence to enter within the dark shadows of eternity.

IN MEMORIAM.

By Phillip A. Bruce, his College Mate.

J. W. G.

Oh Earth! we come once more
To lay, with trembling hands, in hallowed soil
One who shall know no more the stress of toil,
Or pain on Life's sad shore.

We place his silent form
In thee, and may thy fragrant flowers grow
Above his grave, and scented breezes blow,
But not the blustering storm.

In low'ring winter wild,
When clouds shall drop their fleecy burden down
In snow, unstained, enfold the sacred mound
Where lies thy mouldering child.

With bitter grief, and keen,
We saw that Death would quench the vital spark;
Alas! that Death should love a shining mark!
The grim and ruthless fiend.

On life's broad battle field
He stood, with girded loins. He felt no fear
When death approached he calmly dropped his spear,
His burnished sword and shield.

They seem, like pleasant dreams,
To haunt our thoughts, and glowing nights and far,
When to the breaking dawn, with fence and spar,
We argued lofty themes.

We gave no heed to time,
Although the sparkling stars had paled their light,
And steeples knolled, from far-off heights, the night,
With long resounding chimes.

Again we see his face,
With thought impressed on all its classic lines,
The glowing lamp of genius outward shines,
As through a whitish vase.

Grim Death explains at last,
What life conceals, the final fate of all;
Who, by the stern decrees of Nature, fall
Into the darkness vast.

Alas! we know not where
To find his ghost. Perhaps, in viewless form,
It rides the sighing breeze or summer storm,
Or floats in fragrant air.

Perhaps he ranges free
In wider spheres, or strolls with Shakspeare mild,
Or sees the knightly Sydney's courtly smile,
The kindly eyes of Lee.

Although we hear no sound,
In far and glowing climes, he walks, we know.
The dark receding earth has sunk into
The vasty void, profound.

We move, alas! Fair Ghost,
In darker spheres, or grope in starless night,
We run afoul the shoals, without a light
To mark the stormy coast.

Men droop; they reel, and fall,
And bite the dust, and cry aloud.
In vain they look toward the skies. A cloud
Conceals them like a pall.

We draw, in silence, near
The shrouded form which lies in pallid death;
We lay, with trembling hands, a stainless wreath
Upon the sombre bier.

August 13*th*, 1880.

From Dr. J. C. Welling.

College Hill, *August* 10, 1880.

My Dear Doctor: Recalled to Washington late on Thursday evening last, I was inexpressibly grieved to learn from Genevive that you had been called to mourn the loss of your brilliant and beloved son, whose health I knew had for months past excited your apprehensions.

I had ventured still to hope that you might be

spared the "sorrow's crown of sorrows," for surely it is "a crowning sorrow" that you should see so much of moral and intellectual beauty forever removed from your sight.

I do not come, my dear friend, to mock your grief with words of consolation. I know, by sad experience, how powerless is the voice of friendship to soothe the heart that is wounded and bleeding under the blow of a crushing affliction. For the present you can only gauge and fathom the length and breadth and depth of your great sorrow, and even the gentlest touch of the sympathetic hand can hardly do more than wring a fresh note of woe from the chords of an aching heart already tense with emotion.

And, therefore, it would, perhaps, be best for me to pay to your grief the homage of a tender and respectful silence, lest words meant in kindness should only serve to start afresh the fountains of your tears.

Still I would not seem insensible to the great bereavement which has come to darken your home; and therefore it is that I venture to reach out my hand to you in token of sympathy, praying you to receive for yourself, and to communicate, to Mrs. Garnett, and the other members of your family, the

assurances of the affectionate remembrance and sincere condolence with which I am, my dear Doctor,

Your faithful friend,

JAMES C. WELLING.

DR. A. Y. P. GARNETT, *Washington, D. C.*

DEATH OF JENNINGS WISE GARNETT.

[Communicated to the Richmond Whig.]

Died in Washington, August 7, 1880, Jennings Wise Garnett, aged twenty-one years. The deceased was a son of Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, a leading physician of Washington, and of an ancient and honorable Virginia family. His mother is a daughter of Henry A. Wise, of Virginia. The death was in every respect a sad one, and the loss is not only to Dr. Garnett's family, but to the country; for the deceased was brilliantly endowed with capacities which, cultivated by careful training, would, in all probability, have redounded to the good of the whole people. It is no small loss to a country in any case to have her young men die. How much greater is the loss in this instance!

Young Garnett was educated almost entirely in Virginia, having graduated in William and Mary College when only sixteen, with such distinction,

that he was the following year appointed an assistant professor, and performed his duties with capacity and satisfaction to all.

He afterwards entered the University, where he graduated in two years with the Master's degree, and stood alone pre-eminently the most distinguished graduate of our University. At his graduation there was an enthusiastic ovation, such as was never before witnessed in college halls; and what was more striking, the admiration for his achievements was only surpassed by that for his gentle modesty. He was greatly beloved by all of his fellow students, who universally deplore their loss.

The sympathy of a host of friends in Virginia is extended to Dr. Garnett, and the whole of Virginia mourns the loss of her son, for we claim him by virtue of his parentage and by virtue of his *Alma Mater*.

Virginia has been wont to point to her children as her jewels. Alas! one of her brightest and purest gems has been taken away to adorn a higher and a nobler sphere—the Kingdom of an Eternal God.

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